

THE  
OLD CAUSES  
EPITAPH

BY  
ANTICIPATION.

SINCE  
Rendred in ENGLISH.

---

Live CHARLES, Live Monarchs All, Live Monarchy;  
Live All who Brisk Assertors of it be.

*Et Causaque valet, Causamque Tuentibus Armis  
Ut Puto, vincemur.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed by H. H. for William Abington, at the Three  
Silk-worms in Ludgate-street. 1683.

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Printed by W. & A. S. Low, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

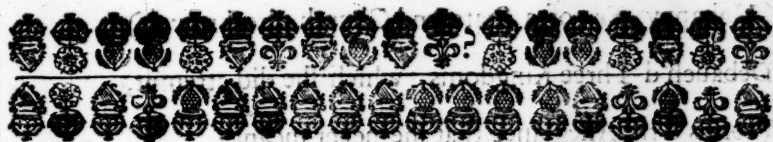
At Cambridge, printed by the University Press, 1825.

LONDON:

Printed by H. M. for William Johnston, 1825.  
Selling at 1/6 per copy.

(3)

and light, to the end of the



THE

Old Cause's

EPITAPH.

I.

SICK (Oh!) Heart-sick,

(Past Hope of All Recovery)

Here (soon) will Lye

The Old (but *falsely-nam'd*) The Good Old Cause,

*Subverter* of our Fundamental Laws;

A 2

Who

(4)

Who in the Year of *Forty One*,

(Unhappy *Era* of a State and Church o'rethrown.)

Debauch'd Three Kingdoms, which she did attempt,

Promis'd th' Allegiance that she never meant;

Professing *Christian*, was in Practice *Turk*,

*Church* was the *Vogue*, but, when 'twas spelt, 'twas *Bitch*.

Pretending Peace, she fought Intestine War,

War, The *Bless'd MARTYR'S* Fatal Blow,

All *Loyal Hearts* o're-throw.

Each *Rebel* she dubb'd *Saint*, each *Tory Devil*,

Her self (mean while) our *Epidemic Evil*.

2.

A *Pythoniss*, when she does *Congregate*,

A *Gracchus* and *Cethegus* in the State,

*SPEE* in th' *Assembly*, *Trims* the Council Board,

In *Battel* Plunders In the Name o'th' Lord.

In *Peace* and *War* (alike) by *English* Souls to be

*Abhor'd*.

(5)

A Flourishing (and *once well-govern'd*) Realm

She first with Tempests shook,

Soon after took

*Britannia's Sacred Pilot* from the Helm;

And by Her Aid we saw

Cut off (against All, yet (pretensively by) Law

A *SACRED HEAD*, and in its Place,

A *Copper Nose* on *Brazen Face*;

Pol, who when once he'd cut off ~~Branch~~ and ~~Root~~,

For *Chariot Dray* exchange'd, while *Princes* went on *Foot*.

3.

Would'st know what *Ills* That *Beldame Puffs* has done,

Hear three or four amidst a Million.

She *Prayed*

By and beyond the Hour,

She *Pray'd* to *Plunder* and *Devour*,

And

A

(6)

And having Solemnly mock'd Heaven with Groans,

And Uncouth Tones,

Kings, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters Lands

She seizes with unwashen Hands,

With Ravening Fangs, and with All-gripping Paws,

Swallow'd All up, and made no Bones.

4.

Next, have at All,

A Difmal Cloud hangs o're White-hall;

And yet two Precidaneous Victims must first Fall,

Strafford, the Wisest Minister of State,

And Patriarchal Land, both Richlieu's Hate,

Both Sentenc'd against Law and Sence,

( High Virtue their Sole Crime,

And that too Black enough in that Reforming Time )

Both Emblems and Assertors of their Master's Innocence.

End.

5. These

(7)

5.

These two Cashier'd, the Work Advances fair

Of *England's Fatal Desolation.*

The *Text*, Religion's Peace, the *Comment*, War ;

O *Blessed Thorough-Gospel Reformation !*

*Bishops* thrown out, *Horses* were soon Install'd,

*Thorifters* silenc'd once, Bold *Stagers* Bawl'd :

*Chairs* were improv'd to *Mangers*, *Organ's* sound

By *Drums* and *Trumpets* Drown'd :

The first might suit with *Evangelick Peace*,

The latter *A Church truly Militant* did better please.

6.

Grand Bug-bear Jealousies and Fears

Rang in all Ears.

Country

Country *Ill* will'd, City with *Furies* fill'd

\* 1500. who clamour'd  
at *Westminster* and *White-  
hall*, That they could not bear  
the Burden of *Episcopacy*.  
*Bishops* were then sure a  
Dead Weight, or those Por-  
ters troubled with the *Scur-  
vy*.

*White-hall* with \* Porters;

*Synod* with Zeal, with *Pride* *Fag-Parliament*,

Hell could but barely ghes what *Rabble* meant,

'Midst these *Disorders*,

For *Civil Flames* could ne'r be rightly *Quench'd*,

But by *Incendiary*;

Nor *Liberty* and *Property* be e're *Retrench'd*,

Unless *Dame Buss* were *Arbitrary*.

True *Royalists* were *Damn'd* for *Cavaliers*,

And *Rebels* judg'd *Associates* for *Noble Peers*.

'Tis true, the *Royal Safety* she did Plead,

And soon lop'd off his *Sacred Head*;

For this by *Solemn League*, and *Publick Faith*, and *Rome*

Was Voted (most *Infallibly*) his *Doom*,

*Glorious* indeed to be;

And *Glorious* sure was He,

But *Glorious* only by his *Partydom*.



Barbarously

The Royal Victim slain,

And Ch. Surviving Sovereign forc'd to Cross the Main

(Whom God Grant long to Reign)

She Weary'd and Vex'd Heaven,

With Falsome Tedious *EX TEMPORE*,

(A Gift once By the Devil to Woman given)

*M. H. of St.  
Ives.*

And All Wise Thinkers with † *Hypocrisie*.

† *NOL* spake, and the  
Brazen Oracle once said,  
*WE* have made *This Age*  
an *Age* of *Hypocrites*,  
which will produce the  
Next an *Age* of *Atheists*.

As for each *Rebell-Saint* (nigh *Bull* or *Snake*,

She plac'd 'em in the *Zodiack*,

To *Royallists* she Grudg'd (like *Baxter*) not me're *Heaven*,

But ev'n what ere from thence to *Earth* is given.

How *Bless'd* was *Newgate*, and each *New Plantation*

With *Clerks* and *Cavaliers*, *Pests* & *Obstruclers* of the *Reformation*.

The Price of *LOFTT TREASON* was a *CROWN*;

Of *Loyalty*, A Turn nigh *Paddington*..

B

With

With *Rings* and *Bracelets* How did Ladies Part

With *Unrelenting Heart* ?

*Cullies* Cajol'd, hast in with *Plate* ( though Loth )

By *Peter's Rhetorick* wheedl'd Both ?

*Peters,*

\* See the *Lives* of *Gusman*, *Ignatius*, *Mazianello*, *Jack Straw*, *Mal Cutpurse*, *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Varvafor Powel*, *Du Val*, *Tim Hoyden*, *Lives of Villains*, with a long &c. and draw a *Parallel* of *Hugo* from them All, if you can.

\* The Pleasant'st *Merry-Andrew* of the Cause  
The Counterpart of *Modest Nature's* Laws,  
*Scandal* of All ere *Monstrous Nature* fram'd  
Fit onely (by succeeding Ages) to be nam'd

*Hugh Peters.*

8.

Thus having (*Piously*) *Unking'd* the State,

And made both *Church* and *Kingdom* Desolate,

Left for *Support* of the *New-modell'd* B A B E L

*Props* might be wanting Tight and Able,

( 11 )

She Chose

\* M. Gen. Berry, and From \* *Cole-pits, Peers, and Lords from Coblers Stall,*  
*Hawson Lord Cobler.*

But Over All

The Man of *PODGE*, Inspir'd to cast off *Sling,*

And Ape a *King.*

In Lieu of *Parliament*

A *Thing* ( Sir Reverence ) of *no ROST Scent.*

And for the *KEEPERS* of our *LIBERTY,*

St. *NICHOLAS'S* Infantry.

9.

( The *Blessing Heaven* design'd ne're to Impart

But *by Surprise* )

*CHARLES*, the *Reviver* of each *Loyal Heart,*

*Light* of their *Eyes;*

*CHARLES* the *Bright Mark* of *Heav'n's High Noon-day-Love,*

*Born,* and *Restor'd* to be our *Earthly Jove.*

B 2

*Postponed*

*Postponed Charles, Brought back by GOD Alone*  
*To his Undoubted Right, His Throne;*  
*By GOD Alone; Aumerle th' Almighty's Instrument,*  
*Aumerle the Valiant, the Wife;*  
*Aumerle, the Nation's Fabius in Disguise,*  
*Who by Delays Deliverance wrought us forth,*  
*And first brought Good (in lieu of Evils) from the North.*

10.

*The CASE,*  
*From (too Indulgent) Royal Clemency,*  
*Promised her self most Undeserved Amnesty,*  
*(For were Her Merits Weigh'd,*  
*Not all the Racks of Inquisition-Wit,*  
*Not Bilboes, Stocks, Bulls, Cridions, Punishments unheard-of yet,*  
*Could Puss in her Own Coyn have paid)*  
*Yet She obtain'd even I L.*

11. A

And now, it might be thought, She should have Given  
 Some *Proofs of Penitence*  
 For Her *Indelible* (though *wav'd*) *Offence*,  
 And not have *Sow'd* Her self again with Her *old Leaven*.

But, *unforgotten* is *not* a *virtue*

First a most *Gracious King* with *Calumny*  
 She Loads; The *Duke* with (a *Suspicious*) *Obloquy*;  
 Both, with a *joynt Ingratitude* for *Amnesty*.

The *Stablis'd Church* must still submit to bear

In *Hell-devis'd Lies* Her share,

For *All*, who *Lyden* or *Geneva* Love not, *Papists* are.

Hence *All State-Ministers*

Are *Reprobated* for *Ill Counsellors*,

And such who *Contradictions* can't digest,

*SHAM-PLOTTERS* *Vogu'd* at Best.

The most Sedate, *Imperial Patience*

She oft strove to *Incense*,

And Turn to *Fury*;

Yet *Cesar* had against *Each Flax* a *Fence*,

Maugre a *Doubled Ignominy* *Fury*.

The last Game which she had to *Play*,

Was, whether *CHARLES* or *Tribunes* should bear *Sway*,

But (even *Here*) She lost the *Day*.

Yet still does (*Dormant*) lye Her *Greatest Moan*,

She's Lost Her *Grand Patrone*.

*Batavian All-Leggs*, *Monster of Three Names*,

Whom *All Plot-bugging Protestants* *Admire*,

For That By *Sacred Fire*

Himself (still *Innocent*) can *Three Nations* set in *Flames*.

And Now The **CAUSE**,

(Who Under *Grievances* (of Old) and *Pressures When'd*)

Just in *Death's Paws*

*Lyes Heartless, Breathless, Languishing, and Pin'd;*

As *State-Physitians* plainly do *Descry*

From *Symptoms* both of *Lungs* and *Eye*:

And *Dying*, will this *Legacy* Bequeath

To All Writ underneath.

First, To the K. whom she does *Love like Pye*,

Or *Monarchy*,

An *Empty Chequer*, with *Pandora's Box*,

(Two *Legacies* design'd His *Grandfire Gift* by *Knox*.)

To the *BRAVE BOY* that Bears up *Grandfir's Name*,

*Curses* or *Prayers*, for (by an \* *Hubertism*) they're the same.

\* A Figure in *Modern Rhetorick*, by which you may *Pray, Preach, or Swear* *Pro and Con, Salva Conscientia*. A *Burtonism* is a Figure of much like Nature, but for *Love's sake* not a Word of it.

(( 16 ))

To the Good *Bishops*, *CODRUS'S* Whole Demeans,

The Lot of Him, who *after Gleaners Gleans*;

To th' *English Clergy* She Bequeaths Her *Groans*,

And Dying *Tones*;

*Tones*, more *Emphatick*, In the Name o'th' Lord

Then e're were yet express'd by *GROANING BOARD*

To a Small Town

In *Europe*, yet of Great Renown,

Who Boggled at That Arbitrary Thing

Some call a *King*,

In *Paked Parchment*, *Rome* for *Elegy*

To Mourn Lost *Franchises* and *Liberty*,

The just speed of True Protestant *Disloyalty*.

To Will o'th' *Wisp*, Oracular *Thummim-Urim*,

A Speedy Flight, for fear Jack Kerch Secure him.



To our ( Late ) *Consul P. That Popular Ass,*

Who *Rabble Hugg'd*, and *Noise*,

*Glaucus* his *Wit* and *Choice*,

T' Exchange his *Gold Habilliments* for *Sweden Brass*.

To *Bibulus* his *Shutable Colleague*;

A Man of *Brisk Intrigue*,

To keep Him from *Ingaging* in All *Plots*;

The whole *Canary Growth*, to be drank out in *Half-Pint-Pots*.

Next, to the *Judas* who does *bear the Bag*,

*Procuring Cr* — with a *Sprightly Abishag*.

15.

To *Don Quixot*, a *Salamanca Wight*,

*Transpos'd* to *Doctor*, from an *Errant Knight*,

The *Travellers Monopoly*

*Ne're* to be *Perjur'd*, though he *Briskly Lye*.

And for the *Sum* disburs'd for *ppcc*,

Till a *Fresh Call*

To *Haberdashers*, or to *Goldsmiths Hall*,

C

The

The *Publick Faith's* Security,

Or *Diego's* Legacy.

16.

To our *Good* Lawyer, who *LD* *Low'd* the *Cause*,

A *Wench*, and *Fundamental* *Laws*;

That for his *Lust*

Needs *Tast* he must,

(Like *Eve's*, as well as *Tom's*, *True Son*,) of the *Forbidden Tree*,

An *Irish* *Deanery*.

To our *Beloved* *Pacquetteer* a *Quantum* *sufficit*,

Of *Pills*, *Rare Pills*, that *Cure* each *Itch*

But the *Caprich*

Of *Scribling* without *Conscience*, *Fear*, or *Wit*.

To *Curious* *Whiggs*, who *Hap*

To *Have* in *Body-Natural* or *Politick*, a *Clap*,

*St. Tony's* *Tap*.

To *All* that *Bear* an *Hate*

To *Kings* and *Monarchy* *Inveterate*,

(Date it From *Forty One* to *Sev'nty Eight*)

I Grant

(19)

I Grant *Fresh Plunder* on All *Fee-Farm-Rents*,

And *Bishops Lands*;

*First* will *Justifie* your *late Dissents*,

*Latter Falls* (of *Course*) into your *Hands*.

17.

O for a *Painter* now to *Draw*

The *Dismal*, *Feral Scene*

Of our *Expiring Babylonish Queen*,

*Ilias* in a *Nut-shell*, *Forty One* of All our *Woe*!

Who *Grip'd* us, when *She* had us in her *Claws*,

But since *She's Lost* the *Day*,

For want of *Prey*,

*Green-land Bears*, or *Envy*, on her self now *Gnaws*,

Where will this *Toothless Hagg*, now *Dying*, *Goe*?

No Doubt to *Heaven*:

Not th' *Empyrean*, but an *Apartment* given

To bold *Ignatians*, and the *Factionous Leaven*;

Where *Jesuites*, and such who *King-ship Hate*,

Will, in a *Fovnt Dissent*, *Confederate*,

*Abell*, and *Covenant*, and *Associate*.

Her

Her Place of Buryal She does thus Dispose

\* Not Inhumari U'mmm,  
No. See Gen. Board, p. 117.

To be \* Interr'd amongst those

Of the United Provinces,

Or Polish True Elective Principalities;

Where Boors are Burgers, True Nobility

Subjects of Scorn and Obloquy;

Where Rabble's Worship'd, and the Stile of King

Subscrib'd, is Duke of Venice, or (if such can be) a Meaner

## Her Epitaph.

I, Whilom, Fury of King, State, and Church,

Poor Good Old Cause, am left by Death i'th' Lurch:

Who Rais'd Intestine War in Forty One,

Hop'd and Desig'n'd Fresh Broils to have Begun;

But Cesar's Victor, Tony's Fled; All Lower

To Cesar's Sacred ('cause Victorious) Power.

Therefore with Indignation Hence I Goe,

And though my Project's Stiffed Here, Ple Blow the Coals

F I N I S.

1414